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taliation. The most rigorous justice ensued ; and the horde of desperadoes, who had kept this part of the country so long under contribution, were radically extirpated. Many were taken, and suffered the penalty of their crimes by the hands of the executioner ; and others fled the country, and were seen no more.

MARGARET VERCH EVAN.

OF all the females, modern Wales has produced, of a surety Margaret Verch Evan, who flourished about eight-and-twenty years ago, near Llanberis, in Caernarvonshire, is the most extraordinary. In point of accomplishments, and their practical utility, few, if any, of the fair sex have excelled this celebrated Cambrian damsel.

Passionately fond of the joys of the chase, in her cottage were to be found at all times a selection of the best thorough-bred dogs in the Principality ; and her selection was not limited to one species. Greyhounds, beagles, foxhounds, terriers, and even curs of low degree were to be seen frisking about the cottage, which Margaret occupied ; and the gossips of Llanberis affirm to this day, that she made a more desperate havoc among the hares and foxes than all the confederate hunts did together. Nor were Megan's qualifications confined to her dexterity and hardihood as a huntress. She managed a boat with admirable facility ; she could play on the harp and on the fiddle ; she made shoes, built and repaired boats, shod horses, and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the county. What will my fair countrywomen say to this ?

This amazon died, about eight-and-twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-two, a wonderful example of native ingenuity, persevering industry, and contented penury.

London, Oct. 20, 1819.

T. R.

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

It has already been mentioned in this work, as a matter of regret, that there are but few translations of any note in the Welsh language. The English abounds in productions, both in verse and prose, of acknowledged celebrity, and which are not to be excelled by the works of any other country. And yet, with the exception of *Paradise Lost*, hardly one can be named, that has

been naturalised in our tongue. It may be hoped, however, that the patriotic example, thus offered by Mr. Pughe, will not be without its proper effect, unless indeed the despair of rivalling his success should operate as a discouragement. But in the field of literature, which is one of generous competition, this ought not to be the case. In no instance is Emulation more truly the parent of great deeds; and she should not be deterred from her object by any success, however brilliant and apparently matchless. And let it besides be remembered, that

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Cæique et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camœnæ.

These few observations have been suggested by the following letter, which contains, it will be seen, much judicious remark on the particular branch of Welsh literature, to which it refers. There has been, it may be admitted, in the translations, of which the writer speaks, too great a disregard of the elegance and even of the idiomatic character of our language, united perhaps with other inaccuracies of a still more exceptionable nature. Time seems, however, in these cases, to have given a sanction even to error; and hence, the faults of the versions, noticed in the following letter, may have been considered, however unadvisedly, as beyond the pale of correction. For this reason,—it is but fair to observe,—the last Editor of the *Homilies*, who probably designed no more than a republication, may not strictly be chargeable with the original sin of the first translator.

With respect to the observation, in the latter part of this letter, as to the faults, that are apt to result from an acquaintance with the literature of past times, it seems to admit of some qualification. For there may be a judicious, as well as an affected imitation of ancient lore. And, while the latter degenerates into unprofitable pedantry, the former cannot be too highly commended, as aiming to enrich the language of the present day from the fruitful stores of antiquity. And this is a remark, which may be applied with peculiar force to the Welsh tongue.

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To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In your last Number you mentioned the laudable exertions of the “Prayer Book and Homily Society,” in behalf of my countrymen. But I am not a little concerned, that they are not supplied with a better translation of the *Homilies*. The last

Edition, published by the Rev. J. Roberts, is only a republication of the first, with scarcely any improvements. The Homilies were first translated, as it appears, in the year 1606, by a person, of whom we know nothing now but his name. Whether he acted under the sanction of authority or not is what, I have not been able to ascertain; the probability is, that he did not. The last Editor, to my great surprise, passes a very high eulogium on this translation, praising it much for its elegance and correctness, in neither of which, according to my opinion, it by any means excels, but is in both respects *excessively* deficient. I have read it with attention, and it appeared to me not only faulty with regard to purity of language and choice of expressions, but at times so complicated and obscure, as to be altogether unintelligible. I fear no contradiction when I say, that common readers can no more understand many, great many, parts of it, than if they were written in Arabic. And, with respect to correctness, I have found, upon a comparison with the English, that there are not a few both of additions and omissions, which are, it is true, in most instances not *very* material, but which still ought not to exist in a translation of an authorised book like that of the Homilies.

A new translation of the Homilies in my view would be very desirable. It would be well, if the Welsh Bishops were to fix on some of the best Welsh scholars for the purpose. This would be a work of no small benefit to the Principality. A suggestion of the kind, I know, would be sufficient for that great promoter of every thing that is good, the Bishop of St. David's.

But great care should be taken to preserve in the translation an easy, plain, and forcible style and purely Welsh, otherwise it would never become popular and extensively useful. There are two faults, into which few of my countrymen have not fallen in their writings. Some, versed in the ancient records of our language, have revived too many of its old terms, which common readers do not understand. Others, not much acquainted with their mother tongue nor with its peculiar idioms, have adulterated it with the introduction of foreign words and imitated the construction of the English. The last is *much* the case in the translation of the Common Prayer Book: it contains *many* terms that are not Welsh; and in many instances the idiom is purely English. I might produce many examples in proof of this remark; but I must defer doing so for the present.

I shall be obliged to you for giving publicity to the foregoing observations.

Your's,

CARWR IAITH EI FAM.